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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

"It Would Have Been a Rose."

In a fair garden, one bright summer morning,
Wandered a high-born dame;
And to her side, the pleasant scene adorning,
Her little daughter came.

Sweet was the air, with breath of roses laden;
Sweeter the rolin' song,
Sweetest of all the dainty little maiden
Who gaily danced along.

The mother's heart was filled with glad thanks-giving
For joys that round her smiled;
But most her joyful thoughts went up to heaven
For that beloved child.

So fair she was, so full of precious promise,
So dutiful, so dear,
'Twas like sweet music heard in dreams of rapture
To have her prattling near.

But all at once the little one's deep gladness
Came to a sudden close;
"Oh! mamma, look!" she cried, in tearful sad-ness,
"This would have been a rose."

Her mother turned, and saw a bud of promise,
The garden's hope and pride—
A rich, rare treasure—now, by strange misfortune
Cut down and cast aside.

Orcharded and watched, and kept for full unfold-
ing
With never-ceasing care—
How could it be that such untimely ruin
Had reached a thing so fair.

Whence came the vague and mystic apprehen-
sion,
The shadowy sense of ill,
That made the air of that bright, balmy morn-
ing
At once so changed and chill?

Alas! alas! when autumn winds wailed around
her,
The mother walked alone,
And something sadder, deeper than the roses
Was from her pathway gone.

And no returning summer brought the bright-
ness
That had such sudden close;
Thro' all her life she missed the bud of promise
That would have been a rose.

—Emeline R. Smith, in *Home Journal*.

STORY TELLER.

OUTWITTING THE BRIGANDS.

It was on such a morning as I was fog-nurtured islanders seldom witness at home that I stood upon the deck of the good steamer *Coumoudorous*, watching the nearing shores of the Piræus, which, as all the world knows, or should know, is the port of the classic city of Athens. The beautiful, unclouded sky; the bright outline of the sun-bathed coast; the air laden with the scent of the distant Hymettus; the far eminence with the grand old Acropolis standing out white and bold in the clear atmosphere; and close at hand the moldering tomb of Themistocles—all combined to arouse such poetic fancies in my mind, that I forgot for moment the prosaic business upon which I had come. The screaming engine of the busy little railway which carries the traveler from the Piræus to Athens, soon re-minded me, however, that I was ac-corded with a mission from a London Greek firm to their friends in the At-tic city; and I was soon whirling over the sacred ground.

"Where history gives to every road a page."

We passed the monuments of those doughty champions of the War of Independence, Karaïskakis and Mi-aulis, and many other objects of in-terest; and after a ride of three or four miles, I found myself at my des-tination.

After the first few days I certainly had a very pleasant time of it, the few hours' work each day acting only as a stimulus to my varied pleasures; and having examined the Acropolis, and launched by the fallen pillar of Jupiter, seated myself in the ruins of Pnyx—whence Demosthenes declaimed, and Pericles evolved his plans—I looked around, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer. I thereupon consulted my genial but unwashed host; Kyrie Antonio Perciles Papademetracopolous—who, altho' Plato was to him a text-book, and the sayings of Socrates as familiar as the story of Tommy and Harry to an English schoolboy, was always as dirty as a sweep—upon the propriety of be-taking myself to where

"The mountains look an Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea."

For one might as well go to Egypt without visiting the Pyramids, or to Rome without entering St Peter's, as to "do" Greece and leave Marathon unexplored; and when my host tried to dissuade me by assuring me that a Greek gentleman's ear had been sent a fortnight before by the brigands to his obstinate relatives, to hurry the negotiations for his ransom, it so aroused my blood, that I vowed I would go if I returned as close cropped as an English terrier. So away we started—myself, Themistocles, the son

of my host, a sallow, unshaven youth, dirtier than his father—mounted up-on two high spirited donkeys, our re-
volvers well primed, and our commis-sariat well stocked.

"Adios Kyrie!" shouted my long-named host as we cantered off.

"Never fear," I replied, waving my revolver defiantly, and feeling that I should be greatly disappointed if the rascals did not show themselves.

On we went, enjoying the scenery and holding a hybrid conversation—he in broken English, and I in sadly mutilated Greek—until in the excitement of the ride, and the glorious panorama constantly unfolding itself to our view, I entirely forgot that there was such beings as brigands in existence.

"Now," said I to Themistocles, after a ride of some hours, during which my appetite had become unpleasantly sharpened, "let us look about for a spot where we can bivouac in comfort."

We soon found a delightful place, sheltered all round, save where thro' a small opening we obtained a view of a charming landscape. Dismounting, and allowing our animals to refresh themselves on the grass, we soon made havoc of the good things we had bought. I was lying upon my back smoking a cigaret after the meal, gaz-ing dreamily at the blue firmament; and being too lazy to rise, had called upon Themistocles to pass the bottle.

"Has the fellow gone to sleep?" thought I, still indisposed to turn my head.

Themistocles!

But Themistocles heard me not; and when I raised myself upon my elbow, I saw him standing, as if struck dumb and motionless with fear staring upon the opening. Instinctively I leaped up and clutched my revolver; but before I took a step, the cause of Themistocles' fear became apparent; and three shaggy forms behind three blunderbusses aimed directly at me made me full aware that I was in the presence of those scourges of Greece, the brigands. But, oh, what a metamorphosis. Where were the natty green jackets with silver buttons, the plumed hats, and the *tout ensemble* of the brigands of my youth of the operas and the picture books? Three ragged, disreputable-looking figures, clad in greasy sheep skins and dirty clothes, unkempt, unshaven, took the place of those tinselled heroes, and with stern gesture and muttered threats, order us to follow them. My first thought was resistance; but when I showed the slightest signs, the three bellmouthed muskets were bent toward me; and I felt that the odds were too many, and determining to await events, grimly submitted to be led down the moun-tain by our unsavory guides.

At last, after winding thro' ravines and hollows, across glens and over mountain-paths innumerable, this most unpleasant journey ended by our guides calling a halt as we gained the summit of an eminence surrounded by trees and tall rocks, forming an extraordinary natural fortress. Beneath our feet, in a deep ravine, with seemingly but one outlet, and excel-lently sheltered by overhanging foliage was the camp of the brigands; and here we found the rest of the shaggy ruffians with the exception of one who stood sentinel—enjoying their siesta with indolent content.

A shrill whistle soon brought the rascals to their feet, and rushing up to meet us, they displayed a dozen of us unfavorable specimens of the human race as could be found. Seiz-ing our asses by the bridles, they relieved our captors, and led us down the ravine; and having roughly assist-ed us to dismount, brought us into the presence of the chief of the band.

"Bravo, lads! excellent, excellent!" he shouted, as his sparkling eyes bent upon us in delight; and after a curs-ory examination, we were conduct-ed, amid the excited gesticulations of brigands and without undue ceremony, into a dark cavern within the ravine.

"Shiver my mainboots!" exclaimed a voice as I groped my way in; "they might give us sea room, the vaga-bonds, and not land us in this lub-berly creek; and now they are shoving more craft in to anchor!"

"Hail in, Jack, old chum!" an-swered another; "we must make the best of a bad job, mate."

To say that my heart leaped to my mouth at hearing such unexpected words, and finding myself in the com-pany of my own countrymen, would no more than describe the cheering sensation that thrilled thro' me.

"What cheer, mates?" I cried in the darkness. Answering exclama-tions of astonishment greeted my words, and in a few minutes our stories were told; I learned that my new found friends were the captain and super-

cargo of a ship then lying in the port of the Piræus, who, seeking a like ob-
ject, had met with a similar fate to my own.

"And now," said Captain Jenkins, "how are we to get out of this scrape? If I had Tim and Joe and Black Tom, each with a cutlass and a bark-ing iron here, we'd soon make a pas-sage, I'd warrant!"

"That's all very well," said Will Johnson, the supercargo; "but we haven't. If I'd but the opportunity given me, I'd guarantee—"

Whatever the supercargo was about to say was cut short by the advent of two shock-heads at the little opening of our prison, and two harsh voices calling us—as my guide Themistocles informed us—to partake of a feast; for we learned afterward that the chief, in commemoration of having made such a good haul, had decided to allow us, his prisoners, to partake of the general festivity.

But as a preliminary, we had to under-go an examination as to our capabili-ty of paying the anticipated ransoms. First, we were relieved of our watches and rings, the captain using language rather strong for translation to these pages, to the great amusement of his tormentors, who, using similar ges-ticulation to his own, endeavored to imitate the sound of the captain's words, which of course only added to his wrath and their hilarity.

"You uncombed, dirty-faced vaga-bonds!" he shouted; "If I had a few of you aboard the Annie Martin, I'd twist your ugly heads over the yard arm in the twinkling of a jiffy!"

Of course they only laughed the louder at his impotent rage; and I thought it quite as well that they did not understand the language in which he gave it vent.

The operation of stripping us of our valuables gave me an opportunity to observe the appearance of my com-panions. Captain Jenkins was the beau-ideal of an English seaman. In age about thirty-five, of a large and robust build, a face broad, manly, and bearded, and limbs such as would delight a sculptor to copy. His height was nearly six feet; and he had an air of command about him that was doubtless bred of his occupa-tion. The supercargo, Will Johnson, was perhaps ten years younger; near-ly as tall as his friend, strong and ac-tive; and take us altogether—for I am of no mean stature myself—we were three men who, under any circum-stances, would be no disgrace to our country; and if any opportunity should arise for an attempt at an es-cape, I feel certain we should give as good an account of ourselves as any scotch three, here or there.

Having satisfied themselves of the value of my late father's watch, which I parted from with some emotion, and of the intrinsic worth of the captain's gold chronometer, as well as the super-cargo's watch and diamond ring, we were interrogated, thro' Themistocles, as to our means. For myself, the name of the firm I was traveling for acted with a talismanic effect upon them, and I was immediately assessed notwithstanding my protestations—at three hundred pounds. At this price, too, the captain's freedom was valued; while the unfortunate super-cargo—whose business they persisted in confounding with that of the owner of the cargo and ship—was unani-mously voted to be worth twice our ransom. Having arranged this mat-ter to their own satisfaction, if not to ours, we were told to sit down and en-joy ourselves with what appetite we could muster.

The smell of the roast lamb and the freshly-baked meat cake, however, soon aroused pleasanter sensations, and dimmed for a time the memories of our griefs; more especially as, un-der the apparent certainty of obtain-ing his booty, the chief condescended to be quite patronizing toward us, carving the joint himself for us, and delicately handing on the point of a dagger our several portions. After we had satisfied our hunger with the more solid viands, we were regaled with dried fruits as dessert; and a large jar of a peculiar, sherry-colored but bad-tasting wine, of a reisonous flavor—which Themistocles described as the common wine of the country—was brought in and set down in the midst of us. This we told them we could not drink; and the chief very generously ordered as a couple of bottles from his own particular store, doubtless the proceeds of a raid upon some well-to-do householder.

Will Johnson, after a time managed to ingratiate himself in the favor of our shaggy host and his friends, by his genial, happy manner and frank bear-ing, favoring the company with many

remarks, which, translated by Themis-tocles, evidently pleased them.

When, too, by sleight-of-hand—in which he was an adept—he performed some simple tricks, and gave them a music-hall song with a rollicking chorus, and wound up with a hornpipe accompanied by the captain with a pocket-comb and a piece of paper, the general enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the beetle-browed vagabonds laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Will now became on such excellent terms with them all, that he proceeded to take some freedom with them; and when he snatched the horn from the cup-bearer, and installed himself in that official's place, lading the wine out of the wide mouthed jar and hand-ling it round to the company, his triumph was complete.

"For heaven's sake," said he, as he passed us, "Don't take any of this stuff, and don't drink much of your own."

"Never fear," said Jenkins, making a wry face. "One taste is sufficient."

And so Will went round with the cup, making a comical remark to this one and a grimace at that, until the chief—evidently fearing from their hilarity that they were taking too much—ordered them to desist from drinking, and return to their several duties.

Meanwhile we were sent back to our dungeon, with a sentinel stationed at the opening.

"Not a word," whispered Will, as we settled down in our prison.

"Here's something, captain," he continued, "that belongs to you."

"Why," said the captain in reply, as Will handed him the article mentioned, "this is a stopper out of my medicine chest."

"To be sure it is, Jack," returned Will; "and I must apologize for the liberty of taking your landanum phial; but my confounded back-tooth was so painful on board the ship last night, that I got up and took it, and luckily forgot to return it this morning. You must debit me with the bottle and its contents, for I dropped them both into the vagabonds' wine-jar!"

"What!" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"Now, stop your clappers," contin-ued the supercargo. "Jack, you know I'm not bad at sleight of hand tricks. Well, in the first place, having contrived to secrete the bottle while the blackguards were relieving me of my valuables, and then having attained the position of waiter, what was easier than to wriggle the bottle down my sleeve, whip out the stop-per and drop the lot into their swi-p; giving the bottle a crack and stirring the landanum up ever time I dipped the horn in it?"

"Bravo, Will!" cried the captain, seizing his hand and giving it a hearty shake. "If that's the case, we're safe; for the black-faced rascals won't wake up for a dozen hours. I'll be bound. There!" our guard has dropped off already!"

And sure enough, the drowsy ruffian had planted himself right across the opening, and was snoring loudly.

"Now for it!" cried the impetuous Jack Jenkins rising.

"Hold hard!" said Will. "Let them get well off."

So, settling ourselves down for half an hour, we talked the matter over. At the end of this time, we sent the trembling Themistocles to see how things were outside; and after peeping over the prostrate sentinel, he gave us to understand that all were sleeping except three, and they were retiring to the further end of the ravine, and would in a minute be out of sight.

"Capital," said Will, with suppres-sed excitement. "Now, each take a pistol and a cutlass from the fellows, and follow me."

One after the other we stepped across the sleeping brigand at the en-trance. Will relieving him of his pis-tol, dirk and blunderbuss; while the captain and I stood by ready to give him his quietus at the slightest sign of his waking. Then the four of us, gliding like ghosts, assisted ourselves to whatever weapons we could easily lay hands upon; and as Themistocles was not of much use for fighting, we gave him the bag containing our valu-ables—which we found by the side of the sleeping chief—as well as several spare pistols, to carry. Picking our ways without speaking a word, we advanced toward the open end of the ravine, and, just as we turned round a jutting piece of rock, we saw the three sentinels, seemingly in earned conversation.

"Halt!" -whispered Will. Now for a rush!" and each singling out his

man and clatching his rifle by the barrel—for we avoided the noise of shooting—we sprang forward. Almost simultaneously, and before the enemy had time to observe us, we were upon them, and three rifle-stocks descended upon three shock heads with such force that two of the fellows dropped like stones. The stock of my rifle glanced off the hard head of my an-tagonist and crashed against the rock. With a stifled cry he turned; but in an instant my hand was upon his throat, and the sound died in his gutlet; while with the strength of des-peration, I dashed his head against the wall-like rock; and after a struggle—in which he wounded me with his dag-ger—he fell from my grasp, apparently lifeless.

"Now," said the captain, "where are the donkeys? Come, Greeky!" he cried to Themistocles, "bear a hand;" and looking around we espied our four animals just as we left them, but with a brigand sitting by them. Here was an unlooked for *rencontre*. He was fully a hundred yards off, and to get at him we should have to cross a small plateau.

"Leave him to me!" cried Jenkins, preparing to rush forward. But un-der the advice of the supercargo, he stopped. We could have picked him off easily, but dared not for the noise of the rifle.

"Hang it!" impatiently muttered Jenkins. "We shall be trapped again, after all," and without further parley, the impetuous fellow started off, running on the tips of his toes, with a drawn cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other. Just as he was within a few yards of the brigand, the latter turned round, and, seeing how matters stood, made for his rifle which was leaning against a tree a few feet off; but a revolver hurled deftly by Will Johnson—for we had all fol-lowed—catching him directly in the face, so effectually stopped his progress that he fell, stunned, to the ground.

"You persisted in doing all the work," said Jenkins; as we came up to him. "But, quick, lads, off we go!" and in a moment we were on our asses and, under the guidance of our Greek companion, were making with break-neck speed for Athens. Up hill, down dale, on we went for a couple of hours without stopping or meeting a human being; then, just as we were about to cross the summit of a mountain at which we had arrived, a harmless-looking peasant wished us "Good day," and was about to pass on.

"Seize him!" cried Themistocles; "he's a scout."

So seize him we did, for caution's sake; and, as there was no trees near, we tied his hands and legs together, and left him begging for mercy. But there was no mercy in us, more especially as Themistocles explained that there was a curious and myste-rious connection between the brigand and the villagers; that it was by no means unlikely—had he allowed him to go free—he would have hid to the nearest village and roused a swarm of semi-brigands about us.

Having traveled for four hours, and as our asses could hardly get along for fatigue, we called a halt; and after resting ourselves and watering our animals, we continued our journey until, late at night, we reached Athens, where, round the hospitable board of our host, we soon forgot our troubles.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A Plucky and Heroic Engineer.

When the night express of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway arrived here yesterday morn-ing, the passengers were all in a state of excitement. The train was crowded, and it was learned by a *Herald* re-porter that what came near being a fearful disaster was ward off by the bravery of one man, though he was frightfully mangled and bruised in doing so. It seems that when near Bainbridge, about twenty miles south of La Fayette, Ind., the left parallel bar which connects the two drive-wheels of the locomotive suddenly snapped in the middle when the train was flying along at about thirty miles an hour. The bar of heavy steel flew up into the cab, striking the fireman, Amos Thorpe, and throwing him out at the side of the track. The other bar, on the right, then broke, and also smashed into the cab right where the engineer, Mr. L. Church, was seated trying to handle the throttle valve. He was thrown violently back in the tender on the coal and was mangled and bruised terribly. He bravely crawled forward again and applied the air brake, and reversed the engine, which was run-

ning at a terrific rate of speed, the broken bars pounding everything to pieces. The train stopped, and the crew rushed forward, only to pick up Engineer Church insensible. He was carried back to the train. The fire-man was discovered fully a mile back, dead by the side of the track. The time of the accident was three a.m. A new engine was procured by telegraphing to La Fayette, and the train was brought into Chicago. The fireman leaves a wife and three children at Albany, Ind., and the engineer is married and lives at La Fayette. He will live. His was a plucky act, and deserves recognition. He was one of the oldest and best engineers on the road.—*Chicago Herald, January 30*.

The Ages of People Who Marry.

INTERESTING STATISTICS CONCERNING THE MATRIMONIAL CROP OF 1882.

According to the figures compiled by the clerks in the Bureau of Vital Statistics, of New York City, in 204 out of the total number of 11,085 marriages in 1882, the bridegrooms were under twenty-five years of age. The number of brides under that age was 2,651. The bridegrooms between 20 and 25 years of age numbered 3,922, the brides 4,663. There were 3,382 men married who were between 25 and 30 years old, and 2,121 women between the same ages. The bride-grooms between 30 and 35 years of age were 1,635 in number, and the brides 747. But 880 men and 435 women were married who were be-tween 35 and 40 years of age. The bachelors who became Benedicts be-tween 40 and 45 years of age num-bered 447, and the women who, when married, confessed to the same age were 205 in number. There were 276 men and 109 women married be-tween the ages of 45 and 50, and 150 men and 59 women between 50 and 55. Seventy men and 20 women were married who were over 55 and under 60. The bridegrooms over 60 years of age and under 65 numbered 45, and the brides 8. The bridegrooms over 65 and under 70 numbered 10, and the brides 2. Fourteen men married between the ages of 70 and 80, but no bride acknowledged herself over three-score years and ten. One bridegroom was between 80 and 90 years of age. Forty-five men and 68 women refused or failed to state their ages. The re-cord does not indicate which of the contracting parties in the above list were married for the second marriage.—*New York Sun*.

The Parson's Donation.

It was one of those cold winter nights when men wrap up warmly ere going out and when women and little ones sit closely about the fire. The sleet rattled against the window panes and the wind howled along the eaves. Outside the shadows danced upon the glittering crest, and the boughs of the trees waved and bent and tossed in the blast. A little woman's heart is sorely troubled, for the parson has been called to attend a dying church member. She knows that her good man is poorly clothed to meet the chilling wind; she knows that his cough has been worse than ever this winter, and the pain in his chest more severe. She thinks of all this, and as she goes to the window and looks out upon the dismal landscape, she utters a short prayer for her husband, who urges his tired, bony horse toward home.

"Papa's come, papa's come," cry the little ones, as they hear the sound of horse's hoofs crunching the snow. The little woman helps her tired husband to put his horse under shel-ter; and then, when he comes in, helps him off with his outside gar-ment. He kisses his wife and the children.

"Will you have something to eat?" she asks.

"No, dear; I'm too weary. I want rest, rest."

That night, when all is still in the little parsonage, the parson touches his wife's cheek with his cold hand, and, as she awakens, he whispers, soft-ly:

"Good little wife, I—this pain here in my chest is suffocating me. No—don't stir. I'm—sweet little wife—Father take care of—babies—wife—"

Thus, ere the good woman could arise to succor her husband, he died. The subject of a donation had long been talked over among the farmers. Some were in favor of doing some-thing for the good man who preached Sunday after Sunday, year after year, in the little church. Others said that

times were hard, and a donation could not be thought. But the majority ruled, and in this case the ones in favor of giving the parson a donation were in the majority.

Early the next morning, following the meeting, three or four of the farm-ers drove up to the parsonage door. The children were crying; the little woman's eyes were sad.

"We've come to tell you that we're brought to give you a donation, and that—"

"Stop!" softly said the little woman. "Come."

She led the way to the chamber. There, upon the bed with his white face, thin and wan, laid the parson, dead.

"Too late, my friends—too late! He died, as he lived, a man with a heart so large that he saw the wants of his fellow-creatures and helped them—ere it was too late."—*H. S. Keller, in Detroit Free Press*.

OVER A CENTURY OF MILITARY SERVICE.

A remarkable warrior recently pre-sented himself at Constantinople in order to render homage to the sultan. This veteran, known as "Hod Bey," the Circassian leader, claims that he is 120 years of age, and that he has seen 105 years of military service. He asserted that he was born in 1762, and entered the Turkish military service, under the Sultan Abdul Hamid, in 1777. Since then he has served in the Ottoman Army (to which he still belongs) under eight successive sultans. He is said to have participated in sixty-five battles and unnumbered smaller affairs, and to have received twenty-three wounds. He is still erect and vigorous, and possesses a remarkable appetite. The present sultan is said to have treated him with much kindness and atten-tion. There is some doubt expressed as to the accuracy of Hod Bey's statements relative to his age, but he certainly has had a long and remark-able career.

The Diamond Country in Africa.

The soil, when brought to the sum-mit, is carted away and strewn on the ground, where it is left for a fortnight or three weeks to pulverize in the sun. At the expiration of this time, gangs of Kaffirs, superintended by a white overseer, break the large, dry lumps into powder, and this in turn is carted away to be placed in the washing-machine. It is during the process of first breaking that some of the largest diamonds are discovered, and the overseer has to keep a sharp look-out on the workers in consequence. In spite of the terrible penalty incurred by any one detected in the act of se-creting a good find, thefts are very rife, and many a diamond finds its way into Kaffir possession in spite of the sharpest vigilance. During the process of washing, the gravelly sub-stance, which is full of garnets as well as diamonds, sinks to the bottom of the machine, while the substance disappears in another channel. When it has been thoroughly washed through two or three times this gravel is col-lected and strewn on tables, where searchers, with steel instruments somewhat resembling very broad knives, carefully turn it over in mi-nute search. Then it is that the pre-cious jewel is discovered in all manner of sizes and shapes, when it is placed in a small tray, on which another overseer keeps his watchful eye. I was given several little heaps of gravel to dissect, and in half an hour had succeeded in discovering about 20 or 30 diamonds of very fair size and some so perfectly shaped that they had every appearance of having just left the cutter's hands.—*In the Land of Misfortune—Lady Florence Dixie*.

Terrible Fall.

Ex-Congressman and ex-Senator Thomas J. Creamer was arrested in New York City on Friday night, for breaking the windows of a coach. He was discharged, but re-arrested for drunkenness. He was locked up till afternoon, when he was arraigned at the Jefferson Market Police Court and discharged. His appearance was shocking to the friends who knew him ten or twelve years ago. His hair is white, although he is but forty years of age. A dozen years ago he was worth \$500,000, a portion of which was lost in the great real estate crash. He was a handsome man, noted alike for his genius as a lawyer and politi-cian, and his generosity. He paid \$1,000 a month for a suite of rooms in Delmonico's, where he royally enter-tained his friends. Now he is seeking a position in the Excise Board, of which he once was counsel.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Give Credit.

Is there any man living who does not desire credit for the work he does? Is there any paper that does not want to be credited with the original matter which is lifted from its columns? We have never known any one who is willing to accord all honor or advantage accruing from his good deeds to another; nor have we ever heard of a paper that is pleased when a contemporary lifts from its columns and either through neglect or willful meanness fails to give the proper credit. Nearly every week we find items and articles, reprinted in two or three deaf-mute papers, that were first printed in the JOURNAL, but nevertheless have either no "credit" attached or are credited to another paper. In the last issue of the Knoxville, Tenn., *Observer*, there are no less than four or five items that have been stolen from the JOURNAL. Two or three of them are credited to the *Advance*, while the rest are printed as though original with the *Observer*. It can scarcely be wondered at that the *Observer* gave the wrong "credit," as it appears to be an established practice with the *Advance* editor to brandish the scissors at unoffending papers and snip around promiscuously, totally oblivious to everything but the shower of clippings that scumbs to his ready shears.

When a man labors in any business, he expects to secure the full result of that labor, either in money or grateful acknowledgment. If any one else were to take the money thus earned or appropriate the honor, he would either be imprisoned or despised. No one would patronize or profess friendship towards any one who would steal his neighbor's earnings; nor do we believe any honest man would, after reflection, feel that he was acting honorably in patronizing a paper that unabashedly appropriated to itself the benefits resulting from items and articles stolen from another paper. Every newspaper considers it correct and proper to scissoring articles from contemporaries, but only dishonest papers deem an acknowledgment a superfluity. The Eighth Commandment says: "Thou shalt not steal." Perhaps some people interpret it to mean that it is forbidden to appropriate another's money or chattels without permission; but the true interpretation is that no one shall appropriate what does not belong to him, whether it be money, goods or newspaper articles; and the editor who makes a practice of cheating other papers out of their just deserts, is not adhering to the principles of Christianity.

We do not make this a grievance for the JOURNAL alone. We know too well that other papers have been treated in a like manner. But if we can touch the shadowy conscience of any offending editor, we will have accomplished all that we intend and more than we expect.

The Great Floods.

The great floods that are doing so much damage and causing great distress in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, have had their effect upon the daily mail received at the JOURNAL office. Nearly every letter has been stamped "Late arrival. Mail train detention." Possibly many letters sent from some parts of the country in the vicinity of the flooded districts have not yet arrived. Subscribers and other correspondents will therefore understand that any apparent neglect concerning their paper or communications is the result of impeded travel incident upon the swollen waters of the Ohio, Sagadahoga, and other rivers.

Many deaf-mutes have been obliged

to remain idle, because of their business places or residences being submerged. We trust that no deaf-mute has suffered any great loss, however, and that their temporary and compelled idleness will be followed by a reaction of business industries that will make up for all inconveniences and privations they may have undergone. We hope our correspondents will send early information of all casualties in connection with the floods, in which deaf-mutes have figured.

NOTICES.

The following appointments for confirmation have been made. Deaf-Mutes who desire to be confirmed can notify me, or the rector of the parish, who will be most happy to instruct and prepare them. Those not, however, desiring to be confirmed at the time, are asked to attend the services.

By Bishop Bedell, Grace Church, Cleveland, March 4th, 7:30 P.M., and St. Paul's, Norwalk, March 23d, 10:30 A.M.

By Bishop Jaggard, Trinity Church, Columbus, O., March 18th, 7:30 P.M.; St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, O., April 1st, 10:30 A.M.

By Bishop Harris, St. Paul's Church, East Saginaw, March 4th, 7:30 P.M.; Flint, May 6th, 7:30 P.M.

By Bishop Gillespie, St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Palm Sunday (March 18th,) 10:30 A.M.

By Bishop M. Laven, St. James's Church, Chicago, Palm Sunday (March 18th,) 10:30 A.M.; April 1st, Joliet, 10:30 A.M.; May 4th, 7:30 A.M.; May 4th, 7:30 P.M.; Rockford.

By Bishop Robertson, Christ Church, St. Louis, Palm Sunday 10:30 A.M.

A. W. MANN
5 Chestnut Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Deaf-Mutes are invited to attend service in Christ Church, Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, E.D., on Sunday, February 25th, at 7:30 P.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret.

God willing, there will be a service for deaf-mutes in Trinity Church, Broad St., Newark, N. J., next Sunday, Feb. 25th at 3 P.M.

CLEVELAND.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Mr. C. A. Cool, of Pittsburgh, a typo on the *Leader*, is in the city on a visit. He was stopping at Canton, O., where he visited friends and relatives, when there was a big blizzard prevailing in Ohio. He was about to come to this place on the railroad, but could not on account of the repairs of bridges, which were damaged by the recent flood. He was delayed a week, however, and came on Saturday. He informed your correspondent that item which concerned him was without authoritative foundation.

Rev. A. W. Mann delivered a good sermon on Ash Wednesday.

Messrs. Bard and Pelton have resumed work at the old shop, which was idle for a couple of weeks.

We are happy to say that there is no mute here who has been idle. The Vulcan Steel Works, of South St. Louis, Mo., will be open, and work resumed shortly. Those mutes, who have laid off for a couple of weeks, we are glad to say, will doubtless go back to work there.

A respectable mute here wants to advertise his property (house and lot) for sale, with a view to moving some where to follow agricultural pursuits. The sale has been for a long time advertised, but no buyer has responded, owing to its high price, it being near the high-toned streets.

Anon.

Fitz.

Feb. 12, '83.

Boston.

Mr. W. H. Weeks preached in Boston on Sunday, February 18th, his text being: "The Garden of the Church." The weather was stormy, but it cleared off before noon. The sermon was very interesting, and the audience was uncommonly attentive throughout.

In the afternoon, an experience meeting was held, each one speaking of his or her experiences as a Christian. It was very interesting, and when the ebb was at its height the leader had to bring the meeting to an abrupt close. Another meeting was held at the house of Mr. Goldsmith, in Cambridgeport, where twenty souls were assembled. Experience telling and prayer. Jesus knocked there, and a lady opened unto him, and there we left them doubting not that Jesus supped with that soul.

Report says Mr. W. W. Turner is better, but he is still feeble.

The Bartlett Medallion.

Any friend of the late D. E. Bartlett wishing a medallion likeness of their friend, can have it by applying to Wm. H. Weeks, 22 Atwood St., Hartford, Ct. Price for each is 50 cents. It is the most satisfactory plaster cast that has been executed. Better send a few names and remit the money, and Mr. Weeks will send them to one address.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

Wm. A. Watts, of Coxsackie, N. Y., is now in East Saginaw, Mich.

Miss Bella McKinn, of Madison, Ind., expects to visit her sister, Mrs. Sidney J. Vail, of Indianapolis, Ind., soon.

Milwaukee, Wis.—boasts of two semi-mute printers, one semi-mute shoemaker, one deaf-mute tinner, one carpenter and two cigarmakers.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Woodside, of Wilkesburg, Pa., visited Mr. and Mrs. W. Friend on the afternoon of February 12th.

Miss Jessie U. Sawhill left Braddock for Bulger Station, Pa., where Mr. and Mrs. James Laird live. She will stay there for several weeks.

Miss Lena Downey, of Milwaukee, Wis., is anxious to learn the abiding place of her schoolmate, Mrs. Mary Carroll, nee Mary McNeally.

Henry J. Gill, of Baltimore, Md., says that the rumor that he is going to marry a mute lady of Baltimore is false. He has not yet attained his majority.

Will Mrs. Ella Doran, nee Bonnell, inform her old friend and classmate Alice Dickinson, of Baltimore, Jeff. Co., N. Y., her address through the JOURNAL or by letter.

John A. Skinner of Hartford City, Ind., recently visited H. C. Boren, of Milton, and Geo. Frybarger, of Connersville, Ind. He is agent for a patent corn meal and bread chest.

Prof. Cavanaugh, a deaf-mute, gave an entertainment at the Carbondale, Pa., School House on last Friday evening, consisting of a series of picture drawings, music, etc.—*Messenger*.

Mr. Patrick Connolly, a deaf-mute, of Beaver Falls, Pa., and a former pupil of the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Philadelphia, Pa., is now learning the printing trade in the Beaver Falls Tribune office and getting along very successfully.

Previous to Mr. Frank Klingman's departure from Milwaukee, Wis., for New York City, his many mute friends assembled at the residence of Miss Lena Downey to give him a "send off." A very pleasant time was enjoyed.

On the 24th of January, Collins S. Sawhill was presented with a pair of valuable slippers and a beautiful inkstand from Mrs. C. Sawhill, and her brother George Reading for Mr. S.'s birthday. A nice supper was served. Messrs. Finley Laird and Samuel Davidson, both of Braddock, were present.

Will the New York JOURNAL please inform us how many compositors are employed on that paper?—*Wisconsin Times*.

There are thirty compositors employed in the JOURNAL office, but they do not all work on the paper. If the whole staff were placed on the JOURNAL, it could easily be distributed, set up and corrected in one day.

On the night of the 9th inst., Rev. Job Turner on his return to Staunton, from Norfolk Va. received a postal card from Mr. W. Y. Young, the new Principal of the N. C. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind at Raleigh. He wrote as follows: "Dear Sir: Your card notifying me of your intended visit has been received. You will be welcomed to the Institution as you have ever been. I think our deaf and dumb pupils and teachers are always glad to see you. I thank you for your expression of kind feeling."

It is sweet to have many enemies? We do not care to notice such foolish remarks as appear in certain deaf-mute papers concerning *The Deaf-Mute Advocate*. It is as natural for little canine animals to bark at large ones, as for little papers to attack large ones. We treat such canine papers with silent contempt.—*Advocate*.

This is really distressing! As almost every one of the "little paper family" has at one time or another said something that does not exactly please the *Advance*, they must all be "canine papers," and having thus been complimented they will now be expected to lick the "large" feet of the *Advance*. The *Advance* reasons from false premises. Take the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, of New York, for instance. It is twice as "large" as the *Advance*; ten-times as enterprising and influential, and contains three or four times as much news, yet those so called "canine papers" don't seem to bother it much. No! it is not to size the *Advance* must look for the reason, but something else.—*Ohio Vis-a-Vis*.

WANTS WORK.

Alpheus H. Rider, of Greene, R. I., has not had work since last fall. He has a wife and two children to support, and would be grateful to any one who could give him work. His money is gone, and he can not support his family, unless relief is obtained.

WISHED HE HAD.

"I don't know," said a senator, after the visit to the deaf and dumb asylum the other day, with an apprehensive glance at his good wife in the other end of the car, "I don't know but what a man of prudence, desirous of holding himself a hearthstone, might take a lesson from our visit to-day. A deaf and dumb wife wouldn't be such a bad thing after all, and there were some pretty girls there. I am not sure but such a match would possess decided advantages. It would insure a quiet household, and with the sign language once learned you could talk as easily as with the voice. Then if you came home late at night there would be no curtain lecture. The minute you blew out the light you would have her. No chattering, idiotic sewing societies, either, just when you wanted a quiet time. No importunities to go to the Mendelssohn concerts and other musical persecutions of that sort. If I wasn't married already, I don't know but I should—" but just then his lady beckoned to him, and when he came back after a very animated conversation, he almost looked as though he wished he had.—*Minneapolis Evening Journal*.

Frank Chesebro is employed as a barber in the American Hotel, Utica, N. Y.

Miss C. A. Barton, of Waterville, N. Y., will remain in Vernon, visiting friends, until April.

David McMaster, of Chillicothe, O., is learning the drug business at Dr. John Nilgen's drug store.

Mrs. Perline McClannahan moved to Chillicothe from Hallsville, O., on the 24th of January, 1882. She is in good health.

Mr. Wells and Mrs. Livingston, of Springfield, Mass., will please accept Miss Kate Miller's thanks for mementos sent her.

Miss Helen M. Ives wishes to inform Mrs. Josephine Dopp, nee Goodman, that her address is 899 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Spencer, of Knoxboro, N. Y., are going to visit friends in Syracuse, Auburn, and several other places. They will be away several weeks.

Three weeks ago, Mr. and Mrs. Friend, of Braddock, Pa., entertained some of their mute friends with an oyster supper. Mr. C. S. Sawhill followed with a supper on the 17th inst. An enjoyable time was spent at both.

Mr. Wm. H. Reighart, of Johnston, Pa., died of consumption on Sunday, February 18th. Mr. and Mrs. Friend and C. S. Sawhill attended the funeral. He was a member of the Episcopal Church.

Almos Smith, of New Boston, N. H., comes to the front with a "Jumbo" egg, which measures 6½ by 8½ inches in circumference. He sold his 60 lbs of Baldwin apples for \$4 per barrel in Lowell, Mass. Last fall, the price was \$1.50 and \$2 a barrel.

The *Cornwall (N. Y.) Reflector*, of February 17th, prints the following: "One of those pleasing episodes which occasionally transpire to relieve the monotony of every day life, occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Edmonston, of Moodna, on Friday evening last; it being the occasion of the twenty-first birthday of their son, Charles D., who together with his sister, Sarah, are deaf-mutes. Among the invited guests were his brother Peter and his wife, the enjoyment of the evening, as most of those present understood sign language, which enabled all to converse together very readily and with equal facility of ordinary conversation. An evening of the greatest enjoyment was the result of this happy visit and re-union; made doubly so by the kind attentions of the worthy host and hostess, who seemed to anticipate every wish and want of those present, and vie with each other in their affection for their children. Toward the close of the evening a beautiful repast was served, to which all did ample justice, after which, at a seasonable hour, all departed to their homes, feeling better and nobler for the lesson of filial affection taught by this happy family, and wishing many returns of a like nature to both parents and children. The Editor was not forgotten, for when he reached his office, two large pieces of cake and a big sweet orange greeted his eyes, with the address 'This for you, Mr. Editor.'"

The *Goodson Gazette*, published at the Virginia Institution, accused Rev. Job Turner of neglecting his duty in not going to the Institution and holding religious services, which brought forth the following reply from that gentleman, which appeared in the *Staunton Spectator*:

"The last number of the *Goodson Gazette* takes exception to a paragraph in a letter of mine written from Warrenton, Va., to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, published at New York, in which I mentioned a subject of a conversation with a prominent lawyer of the above-named place—He wrote to me: 'I am very sorry that the Institution is in a deplorable condition.'"

"Now, the author of that tirade against me in the *Gazette*, in his blindness and passion, attributed the above paragraph to me. Let the *Gazette* look at my letter in the *JOURNAL* again, and correct its vile abuse.

"Further, let me say, I never visit Institutions to hold religious exercises whatever without being asked. No excuse can be sent forward for want of an opportunity, as I have been in Staunton frequently in the past six months. The former principals of the Institution have always cordially invited me and entertained me. This administration is an exception to all the Institutions I have visited, which are many.

"I will further say, I agree with the gentleman who made the remark which seems so to offend the *Gazette*.

"Why did the *Gazette* remain silent under the severe criticisms of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and the Richmond Dispatch, and attack me for what was said by another?"

"Hereafter I will not notice anything the *Gazette* may say, for I consider how it came under its present management, and as nothing can be expected from such a source."

How the Old Lady Understood the Signs.

A woman who got aboard an Eastern bound train the other day was accompanied by a big dog, and after the train had moved out, a passenger walked back to the stove and asked of three or four young men sitting around there: "Can any of you talk to a deaf and dumb person by signs?"

"I can, though I'm out of practice," replied one.

"Very well. I wish you'd go and ask that woman over there if she expects friends to meet her in Detroit."

The young man walked up to her, tapped her on the shoulder to attract attention, and began a series of gyrations on his fingers which attracted the eyes of every passenger in the car. The woman's eyes opened and her jaws fell with astonishment, but after a minute or two she colored up as red as a beet and called out "Yes, I've got my dog under the seat, and if you mean that you'll tell the conductor on me. I mean that I'll hire some one to throw you into a snow drift, if I have to mortgage my farm!"

The deaf and dumb language chopped off right there.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Dumb where his Father is Concerned.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

There is a boy, nine years old, whose parents live in White County, Ark. They are highly esteemed citizens, and people of decided culture and refinement. The boy has never been heard, nor can he be induced by any means to utter his father's name, or address him even indirectly. His strategy is more than equal to both his parents and the other members of the family, who have laid all manner of plans to force him into a single utterance of his father's name. Upon one occasion, they planned not to get him any boots until he asked for them like the others, but this was a failure also, for he went on through the snow with his bare feet just as though he were in calfskin to his knees. He has a profound respect for his father, and will follow him about the farm for a whole day at a time.

The Garfield Memorial will be unveiled on Presentation Day—May 2d.

Mr. Jacques Loew is indignant at the new benevolent society which he is organizing, being termed "The German Club," and denies the pseudonym.

Charles Jackson, of Decatur, Ind., wishes to learn through the JOURNAL, or by letter, the addresses of his old classmates, Misses Jennie Patton, Emma Macy and Ed. Campbell, of St. Louis.

There is talk in New York about the Manhattan Literary Association tendering an excursion, free of charge to all delegates to the National Convention which is to be held in this city next summer. Hurrah!

It is said that among other ways of enjoying themselves next summer, the Twilight Union, of New York, which now enters upon the third year of existence, proposes to have a grand moonlight ride to some hotel out in the country where they will have supper and a dance before returning home.

In June, 1880, nine years after his election as teacher, he was elected Principal of the Institution. In 1874 he was a successful applicant for the Principalship of the West Virginia Institution, and from that time devoted much time and attention to the attempt to acquire a knowledge of signs, and though not an expert, has a fair knowledge of them.

These are the facts in the case, notwithstanding the *Virginian's* insinuation to the contrary.

There is an uneducated deaf girl employed as a servant in Fourth Street, this city. She knows no signs, and although she talks constantly, no one is able to understand her. She is about twenty years of age, and a good worker.

The following, taken from the *Minnesota Companion*, illustrates the lamentable condition of uneducated mutes: "Some years ago we were spending a vacation on the coast of Maine. One day a remarkably fine-looking man, of about forty years, entered the hotel where we were staying. His massive head and strong rugged features attracted our attention and we turned to an acquaintance with the question, 'Who is he?' If he had been told that he was the Emperor of Russia, he should not have been more surprised and incredulous than we were when we heard the reply, 'Oh, he is a dummy!' We found it impossible to communicate with him in signs. He was able to converse quite freely with a friend who came with him, using grotesque arbitrary signs. From this friend we learned his history. He had been left an orphan when quite young, and had fallen into the hands of his step-father's relatives, who never allowed him to go to school. For thirty years he had been a slave, working hard and receiving nothing but food and clothes. He had repeatedly been passed from hand to hand among these 'relatives' for a money consideration. At last a former playmate induced him to run away from his task-masters. This person claimed that he acted from pure philanthropy and affection for his old playfellow, but from his words and manner we were convinced that he had played a shrewd Yankee trick to get possession of a valuable piece of property without paying for it. 'No Sir! I want send my boy to no 'ylum; I will work my fingers to the bone first!' These were the words of a woman whom the writer was urging, twenty years ago, to send her deaf and dumb child to school. The mother is dead. The boy, now a man thirty years old, is a pauper. The head-strong character of the boy might have been developed by education into strength and manliness. Without education it has degenerated into obstinacy and silliness. With intelligence enough to perceive that he was abused and imposed upon, but without education to tell him how to avoid abuse and imposition, he grew morose and ugly, he refused to work, and finally found a home in the poor-house."

Facts.

From the Staunton Va., Spectator.

The *Valley Virginian*, in a recent issue, made the statement that the action of the Board in electing Capt. C. S. Roller to the position of Principal of the D. & B. Institution in this city, was in no wise different from the action of previous Boards in the fact of its appointing a man who was not a "proficient" in the sign language. This statement is in part true, but the facts of the previous appointments, which were omitted by the *Virginian*, are as follows: Capt. C. D. McCoy was elected a teacher in the Blind Department in the summer of 1863, and three years afterwards was elected Principal. For about a year before his election he devoted a portion of his time to the acquirement of the sign language, as he intended to be an applicant for the Principalship of the West Virginia Institution, which was established about the time. It is true that he was not an expert in the sign language, but was able to converse intelligently with deaf-mutes at the time of his election.

When McCoy was elected Principal in August, 1871, Capt. T. S. Doyle was elected to fill his place as teacher in the Blind Department. Eight years afterwards, at the death of Capt. McCoy, he was placed in temporary charge of the Institution and remained so for six weeks, to the satisfaction of all.

F. McAlon desires to know if his wife is divorced from him. She obtained a decree of absolute divorce for July 20th, 1882, on the plea of desertion, her husband not having lived with her for eight years. Her husband has resided for quite a time in Providence, R. I. The following is from the *Boston Herald*:

"Margaret McAlon, of Somerville, vs. Patrick McAlon, residence not known, for desertion. The libellant is deaf and dumb, also the absent husband and the witness. The evidence was given in signs and interpreted to the court. The husband deserted her in 1873. Decree nisi, libellant to resume her maiden name, Margaret Crimmins.

DIED.

FISKE.—In Shelburne, Mass., November 28th, 1882, Mrs. Daniel Fiske, aged seventy-seven years, nine months and nineteen days.

Mr. Fiske was father of Misses Laura A. and Hannah W. Fiske (deaf-mutes), and brother-in-law of Miss Fidelia Fiske, missionary to Persia.

SHERMAN.—In Rome, N. Y., January 28th, 1883, Eva M. Sherman, daughter of Wm. Martin Chamberlain, of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. She leaves a husband and three children.

The New Five-Cent Piece.

The first issue of the new five-cent piece was made from the Philadelphia Mint two weeks since. One hundred and two thousand four hundred pieces were put into circulation. The new nickels were eagerly sought, and for five hours a constant stream of purchasers were at the distributing desk. The supply was exhausted long before the closing hour. The new coin will be struck off at the rate of \$5,000 per day.

NEW YORK.

A Word to Jacques Loew.

THE RIVALS.

A Consolidation Proposed.

If your regular correspondent has been correctly informed in regard to some money said to have been collected for charitable purposes by Mr. Jacques Loew, then he is right in advocating it being handed over to the "Guild of Silent Workers," who can doubtless distribute it "where it will do the most good," much better than the gentleman mentioned or the unorganized society which he is getting up.

The "Silent Workers" has among its members the majority of the most influential and respectable mutes, of both sexes, living in this vicinity, and at their head leading and encouraging them on in well doing, are those true and tried friends of our class, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and the Rev. John Chamberlain; men whose arms are a tower of strength to the organization; whose good deeds will live in memory long after their bodies hath returned to dust; whose lives are given up to our welfare, and who know the wants of the poor among us much better than we.

Now, while it is well known that Mr. Loew is very wealthy, charitably inclined, and a well-meaning man; yet there are mutes, not a few, who will be suspicious and question whatever he may do as the head of a society such as he is said to be organizing; but who of them would think of doubting the good intentions of Dr. Gallaudet or the Rev. John Chamberlain? These friends have been tried and not found wanting.

This being the case, would it not be the proper thing for Mr. Loew to hand the funds to the treasurer of the "Silent Workers." We at least think so; yet there is nothing compulsory about the matter; the money was collected for charitable purposes by him, and he has a perfect right to distribute it as he thinks best; still we think he desires to do with it "the greatest good to the greatest number;" therefore by giving it to the "Guild" he will perform an act that will enhance his credit in a greater degree than if he bestowed it on a doubtful society in return for the compliment of being its presiding officer.

There is hardly a doubt but what Mr. Loew has around him some designing individuals—sore heads—who really care nothing for him personally, but who worship his wealth and who expect to gain notoriety by advising him to start a rival society in opposition to the "Silent Workers." This is exactly what we think "is in the wind," and in duty bound we write these lines, hoping that they will serve to awaken Mr. Loew to the true state of things.

WHY NOT.

"X" says there are too many societies in town. Here we agree, and as he appears in an accommodating disposition, we propose a consolidation, or, as our little chum, Jay Gould, would put it, "a doubling up of interests."

The Catholic Literary Union is sectarian, and can do but little good. It should therefore disband, turn over its funds to Treasurer Ijams, and all its old members join the Manhattan Literary Association. Then we should have a "Lit." worthy of the name, as it is—well, the less said the better.

The "German Club" and its "offshoot" are the latest addition to the societies of New York, and as both are inclined towards "charity," would it not be well for them to come into the "Silent Workers" and help make it what it will surely become, the pride of the Empire State, and a model worthy of imitation by other cities throughout the Union? Come!

HERE AND THERE.

Prof. E. H. Currier will deliver a lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association on the evening of March 8th.

Chairman Fitzgerald would like all members of the "Entertainment Committee" of the Silent Workers to be present at the next meeting of the Guild, on the 27th inst., as some definite action in regard to the proposed reception and fair of the organization must be had. All ladies who desire to lend a helping hand should be present.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet will probably lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association some time in April, and not, as previously announced, on the evening of March 26th.

"The Life of T. B. Macanally" was the subject of Prof. Jenkins' lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association last Thursday evening. It was a fine literary treat, and one which should have been largely attended notwithstanding the stormy weather. As it was, only about thirty persons were present. This should not be. It was only a few months ago that a bowl went up that the Manhattan Literary Association did not furnish lectures worth coming too, but now that it does at a considerable out-

lay to itself, the very ones who made the greatest fuss

COLUMBUS.

Doings of a Week.

THE LAW AND THE SUPER-INTENDENCY.

Various Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

We do not wish to intimate either directly or indirectly—much less would we try to create in the mind of the reading public a suspicion that any of our teachers are not thoroughly imbued with a desire to awaken in the pupils a taste for reading. On the contrary, we believe, as we know every one of the teachers will claim, that they are doing their best in that direction. But as it has always happened, an honest difference of opinion still exists as to the best method of accomplishing the object in view. When the Superintendent decides the question in dispute, and whichever side triumphs, all will fall into one line, and that very cheerfully and with alacrity.

A visit to the cabinet department of the Institution, the other afternoon, made us realize that another branch of industry is getting into full blast. Carpenter Kene said the boys were doing remarkably well; their work on the boxes for the State House packing-room gives entire satisfaction to the officials there, and the dispatch with which it is being done (sixty-six boxes having been delivered in two days from the time the first haul of boards was received), is not only highly commended, but convinced them more than ever that the world does more, even at the "Asylum" for the Deaf and Dumb.

Our city depot is in danger of becoming a human slaughter house. A fatal accident has been an almost daily occurrence of late. The victims of these running-over and crushing-in accidents were, in a majority of cases, new hands. It is not enough to trust in ears alone, use the eyes well, and be quick of body.

House number forty-eight North Washington Avenue, was the scene of a happy party on the evening of St. Valentine's Day. The occasion was the celebration of the eleventh anniversary of Miss Lulu Atwood's birthday. In spite of the inclement state of weather, a large number of invited guests came. The evening passed off pleasantly and agreeably, and the enjoyment was rounded, we trust, with an acceptable spread of delicacies as could be found in a winter season.

The flood at this point has subsided, yet its terror came back all the way from Cincinnati last Wednesday evening, for no tickets were sold from Columbus to the Queen City on any road that night.

The nightly masquerades at our city roller-rink are attracting attention. The masks go off at nine o'clock.

Women to the front in Columbus! The representative women of Ohio and other states, arrived at our capital last week to see if they could not do something to uphold the Cause of Temperance, while our legislature was considering the question. They were courteously granted the use of the hall of the House of Representatives one evening. Mrs. Gov. Foster presided and made a speech. Our Institution sent from its conservatory a very handsome and attractive bouquet to honor and grace the occasion.

Valentine was not much of a feature at this Institution on the 14th inst. It was generally discouraged at the public schools, but at one, the Sullivan's on State Street, nearly 2,500 of the missives changed hands. At five cents a piece, just think of \$125 thrown away in that way.

Six bright-looking boys, ranging from eight to twelve years of age, pupils at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, were taking in the sights about the State House yesterday. They filed into Representatives' Hall and gazed on the Solons with the air of the average youth taking in a menagerie.—*Sunday News.*

Mrs. David O. Perry, mother of our ex-Supt. Perry, who has been lingering at Hanging Rock, O., through this winter, will pay our Institution a visit soon, preparatory to her final taking leave of Ohio for Southern California.

The following two interesting little items were taken from the Cincinnati, O., *Daily Times* and *Star*:

"A four year old child, both deaf and dumb, was found deserted at Lizzie Wagoner's house, 117 Elm street. The child was benumbed with the cold when taken out of the water."

"A most infamous and outrageous charge was made against Health officer Dr. Davis this morning, when he was excused of sending old granny Hamilton and a deaf and dumb child to the Episcopal Church while suffering with small-pox. There is no truth in the statement whatever. The child had recovered from the disease over two months ago and the old lady never had it. There was no more danger from contagion than from a person never afflicted."

Our friend Miss Maginnis, who has been confined in her room for a week or more, now steps out again, and with the returning Spring may health bloom in her cheeks.

Miss Clara Reed left here last Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock for

Lanester with friends. Mrs. Atwood took charge of her Sunday School Class.

The Columbus *Dispatch*, of last Friday, gave the following a boom in the circulation of its evening issue:

"A DECLINATION."

"It is learned from what seems a reliable source, that Professor Charles W. Ely, Superintendent of the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has written a letter declining the Superintendency of the Ohio Institution in this city. The reason for this declination is not stated, but it is understood to be on the ground of the doubt hanging over his eligibility because of non-residence, he not wishing to embarrass the Board or the Institution by accepting an office from which he might be required to step down and out at the instance of any one who might see fit to take the question into the courts. The Board of Trustees will meet Tuesday, when action will be taken on the matter. It is reported that Rev. A. G. Byers will be tendered the position. His name has been mentioned in that connection heretofore."

The great flood at Cincinnati, O., threw out of employment nearly all the deaf-mutes who work near the river. They will stand idle until the swollen waters have receded.

Katie, a hearing daughter of Mrs. Grache, of Cincinnati, and a former graduate of the Virginia Catholic Deaf-Mute Institute, "eloped and married" a young man of that city, recently.

Prof. C. N. Haskins is devoting his time to German study, and speaking in the city, when he is not on duty at the Institute.

The sick lady-servant, Miss Martin, has recovered, and what is more, got married.

An exhibition of some fine sort, which has been in a course of preparation for some time, will be ready to be given on Washington's birthday in the evening in the chapel.

Luther Geer, of the Fourth Grammar Class, claims to be the first pupil-possessor of the new five-cent nickel at this Institution.

We had our first taste of spring-like weather here for two days last week.

Our legislature hopes to adjourn by the middle of March next, in which event its session will be considered a remarkably short one.

The Columbus *Evening Dispatch*, of last Saturday, in an editorial properly makes a sarcastical and scathing comment upon a law of Ohio, as follows:

"According to a State law, a citizen of another State cannot become Superintendent of the Institution for Deaf and Dumb. To complete stupidity of legislation of this kind, the present Legislature should pass a law to fence the state of Ohio with a Chinese wall. It is well enough to favor home talent, but to legislate upon the subject, discriminating between citizens of a common country, is a specimen of selfishness in the Ohio man that should be wiped out. Ohio can draw upon other States for preachers, attorneys, business men, capital and social enjoyments, but not for a Superintendent of the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, even though she has not a man, it seems, within her borders who understands the sign language and is suitable in other respects for the position."

NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.

St. Louis Sparks.

Most of the mutes had hardly time to recover from the effects of the "Jersey Lily's" party before they were called out to give Will Campbell a lively birthday "break down." Will's "better half" got up the whole thing on the strict q. t. without letting that innocent young gent have the slightest suspicion of what was to happen.

Saturday evening, Feb. 10th, all the boys, with few exceptions, went down to the club room to attend the regular business meeting; right away, ton of them were excused by the president, and hastily "scouted out" in time to catch a "bob tail" car enroute for Will's home. In the meanwhile, the guileless William staid at the club till near ten p.m., and then left for his domestic hearthstone; but when he got there, he found twenty or so boys and girls in possession of his rooms, and the paralyzed look on his face would have made a cow laugh. However, Will quickly rallied and showed every one he knew how to make them feel at home; his good humor was greatly increased, when his mother-in-law gave him a beautiful shaving mug, and the "mighty knight of the gun," Albert Kohlmetz, made his cup of joy brim over when he presented him with a handsome dog collar. Will happens to possess one of the "finest purps" in creation, consequently that collar will increase the "purp's" good looks. And then, Oh horrors! that awful wretch Kerry Patch presented Will with four mature doll babies, but this gift was not appreciated by any one present, and Kerry Patch showed his utter lack of manners and good breeding by doing such a thing. As one of the boys remarked, "he had the cheek of a Kentucky mule," and will get hurt some fine day if he don't look sharp. This was the only thing that occurred to mar any one's enjoyment, and all went merry as a marriage bell until the midnight hour, when the party marched into the dining-room, where a table groaned with its weight of good things, but it did not groan long as every body relieved it of its sweet burden in double quick time. All agree that Mrs. Tillie Campbell is a first class cook, and the supper she served added to her already acknowledged

reputation. After satisfying the wants of the inner man, the mutes adjourned to the parlor, where games were played, jokes cracked and stories told until three a.m. Sunday morning, when every one bade Will and his wife a reluctant "good morning." The girls present were very few, but made up in beauty and grace what they lacked in numbers; they were: Mrs. Tillie Campbell and Mrs. Delia Guss and Misses Mattie and Mary Campbell, Delia Mitchell, Sallie Fisher, and Celia Heffernan; the boys on hand were: Messrs. Will Campbell, W. E. Guss, Will Stocksick, Geo. T. Dougherty, J. H. Wolf, Hugh P. Lamb, Asbel Merrell, Albert Kohlmetz, Lewis Minor, John Campbell and Jack Smith; Will's father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, and his father and mother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhold, were also present. For paying more attention to the girls than to the business of their club, the three gay young gents, W. E. Guss, Hugh P. Lamb and John Campbell, will be required to contribute a "legal tender" dime to the club's cash box, but they smile and say "it was cheaper to stay with the girls than to go to the club"—this is the way they figure it; or far more to the club and back ten cents, polishing boots ten cents—so they came out ahead of the boys who tramped down to the club—ha! ha! ha!

Valentine's Day has come and gone, and left Miss Celia Heffernan and Sallie Fisher, two of the happiest girls in St. Louis, because their young men gave them the loveliest valentines of all—those two young men never are stingy with their loose change,—no hardly ever. So far as we can find out, very few of the girls received any except them awful "one-centers," which are as numerous as flies in summer. Shame, boys, you ought to do the right thing by your girls.

We have been considerably amused at the savage way Kerry Patch goes for us in the *Record*, and we were advised to kick back. However, out of pity, we did not notice him until he began to get personal, then, of course, it becomes our painful duty to show him up. In the last issue of the *Record*, the guileless Kerry Patch propounds the startling conundrum, "did we ever have the Jim Jams."

Oh! no, Kerry, but we have given numerous fellows the "Jim Jams," and will you please inform the St. Louis mutes how many times you have had the "Jim Jams," as you look inside of the bottle oftener than any fellow in town, and it would be better for you to remember before flinging mud at any one that "people who live in glass houses should throw no stones." Please make a note of this, and oblige many mutes. In conclusion, we desire to say that Perry Patch's "gigantic genius" is wasted in driving a quill, he ought to be a hod carrier.

The one soul and heart absorbing topic with our girls is the coming fall of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club. Every girl says she will be "fixed up" better than the others and it will be a hard thing to say who wins, as St. Louis Deaf-mute girls excel in the art of putting on bangs, spit curls and "sich truck" calculated to deceive their masculine admirers. Some of the "tony" young men have laid in a stock of neckties, etc., with view to "killing" the girls; and one young man rashly says he will "blossom out" in full dress with a diamond pin in his wide expanse of shirt front—it is needless to say the diamond is paste. The sensible young men scorn "to spread themselves" and say if a girl don't want them justas they are, they don't need any girls. "Jim Jams" is preparing himself for the "greatest effort" of his life—viz., to write up the ball for the JOURNAL, and "scoop" all the other correspondents.

Lewis Minor "bobbed up serenely," with a childlike and bland smile on his "classic mug," at Will Campbell's party, whereat we instantly pounced upon him to see about his proposed matrimonial venture. He positively denies the truth of it; but Will Campbell says "it is to be or not to be." Anyhow, Lewis was warmly welcomed by every one, and told more "tough yarns" than any one present. He went home to Clarksville Sunday evening, but will probably come down for the ball, and the boys hope the old veteran, J. H. McFarland will be with him. Hope to meet many other old friends there, too.

Asbel Merrell seems to have made up his mind to "drive a quill" in the near future. Type sticking and farming don't agree with his delicate constitution.

Charley Schlipp and Ed. Beetle are "taking it easy" still, notwithstanding the truthful Kerry Patch says they have a new job; both of them expect to get something to do next week.

Richard Giblin is also laid on the shelf, but he is one of the kind who never do stick to a job. It is to be hoped he will learn by sad experience that "rolling stones gather no moss."

We have a very sad budget of news to wind up with; the grim old reaper, death, has laid his mark on some of our loved ones, and many hearts feel sore just now. Firstly, we noted the serious illness of Mrs. Sallie Kavanaugh and Mrs. Simpson's mother. Both of them have been called away to a better land, and all we can do is to hope their friends may be comforted in their heavy loss. Mrs. Simpson's mother was not known to any of us, so we cannot say much except to give her our sympathy, but Mrs. Kavanaugh's death will be felt by hundreds of mutes, who have known her during their school days. She was a good woman—good in every thing she was called upon to perform—a perfect wife, a tender mother,

and a true friend—this is all we can say; who can say more?

Miss Jennie Patten also has been afflicted by the death of her sister, which occurred Saturday, Feb. 10th. The prospect of her sister's death prevented Jennie from attending the party, and her numerous acquaintances extend their warm sympathy to poor Jennie in her sorrow. May she and hers soon be comforted.

It is with sadness, we learned of the serious illness of Mr. J. W. Tinnen, and every one hopes he will be spared to his sweet young wife, and grim death ought to stop short here, as his victims have been too many.

Through the daily papers come the news that Mike Smith is now assistant editor of a new paper at Pittsburg, Kansas. How long will he stay there? Yours, etc.,

JIM JAMS.

THE NEW BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the last issue of the JOURNAL, "X," speaking of our Society, which he delights to call the "German Club," says that the last meeting was called to order after the members had taken their last schooner of beer. By this he means to say that we were totally unfit to hold a meeting, as we were "under the influence."

I am happy to say that a more orderly meeting of deaf-mutes, who had such an important matter on hand was never seen. The meeting was called to order a little after 8 o'clock, and was over by 9 o'clock.

At the meeting, Mr. Loew explained that the business of the society would be transacted only in the English language, as the committee in charge found it would be doing too much to proceed in both German and English.

English being the language of this country, it becomes the duty of all foreigners on settling in this country to make themselves familiar with it. The utmost good order prevailed, and a perfect understanding existed with those who wanted German. They withdrew their initiation fee, but gave out that they would in all probability join the society again, if the constitution and by-laws fully drawn up meet their views.

A retraction from "X" is now in order. Undoubtedly he was not present at our meeting, and wishing for something funny to say, he thought it a good joke to make it at the expense of our society, his "Oscar Wilde" having dried up.

I spoke of Mr. Chamberlain's Guild as not being the one that the mutes need for themselves. My reasons for this are:

1st. In requiring all members to have been baptized to make them eligible to hold office. In this, a large part of our community, with ability and willingness to aid their deaf brethren, are prevented from doing so. The Constitution of the United States has nothing to say on the subject of baptism, and every man here is each other's equal, provided he has not been convicted of felony or treason. This rule looks much like going back to the 16th Century.

2d. In allowing mutes of all denominations to join the Guild, but putting them under the control of an Episcopalian church, discord and dissension would be sure to show themselves sooner or later.

3d. In not confining the benefits to be derived from the Guild to members alone. By this, those who will really benefit from it are the outsiders who went to no trouble or expense in establishing the Guild or assisting in its growth. The Guild, according to its constitution and by-laws, is a more fit thing for wealthy Episcopals, who have the money and the time to devote themselves to charitable work.

A large majority of those who joined, were under the delusion that it was to be a mutual benefit society. Mr. John Carlin said of it, at one of its first meetings, that "the idea was to benefit the Church." Mr. C. R. Thomson said of it, Mr. Chamberlain "makes of it a matter of conscience."

Apropos of the society Mr. Loew has formed, it seeks to benefit all the mutes in general without regard to religious belief, race or color. Tickets of invitation will be issued at our next meeting, which will not be transferable. No tickets will be issued to mutes who, from their past acts, have shown that they would only seek to make themselves felt, and who would care little for the true objects of the society. The next meeting will be held in a hall some where in the neighborhood of Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street. The admission fee to the society has been fixed at \$2, and dues 25 cents monthly payable in advance.

Mr. Loew who has the society at heart, is a well-known business man, and can be said of him that whatever he undertook to do he never failed of accomplishing. By his business capacity and energy, the society will be certain to have before the close of another year a fund the income of which will suffice to put into practical operation the objects of the society.

It is to be hoped that every male mute, to whom tickets have been issued, will avail themselves to be present, and if satisfied with the constitution and by-laws, to pay the initiation fee and partake of the benefits that comes from union among our fellow-men, and from which on account of deafness they are prevented from enjoying from those lodges, the members of which must have all their senses.

In union there is strength.

COR.

FANWOOD.

Masqueradings.

INSTITUTION DRIFTWOOD.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The masquerade takes place this evening.

The costumes are all completed. And expectation is paving the air. The fair sex have not been able to sit still three minutes for the past week.

And there has been an alarming increase in finger-wag.

The boys congregate in groups. And prophesy the probable ones who will be recognized, despite their torgery.

The girls are at loggerheads as to who will have the most elegant costume.

We are not Vennor or Wiggy, but it will be very cold if "Grace H." gets left.

The modest "bride" will not leap lovingly on the arm of a groom this year.

Terribly hard on the groom. A large number of mute visitors are expected to be present.

With their cousins and aunts. And mothers-in-law.

The more the merrier. Those who will not participate, are refreshingly free from care and anxiety.

Those who will, are feverish all over. No refreshments will be served after the entertainment.

As it is very unhealthy to retire to rest on a full stomach.

And besides it would not do to depart from a time-honored custom. Outsiders are prohibited from appearing in costume.

As the affair is to be on the mummum plan.

The "togs" will be donned at about seven o'clock.

Under excitement bordering on a mild form of insanity.

A Grand March will commence the affair.

And George and Martha will be seen in the van.

Too bad for George and Martha. Masks will be removed at about eight o'clock.

Then brace yourself for an avalanche of "I told you so's."

Seasoned with "You couldn't fool me."

DRIFTWOOD.

It was with regret that we learned, Monday last, that our Superintendent, Dr. Porter, had tendered his resignation, which was accepted at the last meeting of the Directors, and that he intended taking his departure about March 12th, exactly ten years since he entered upon his responsible duties.

Miss Prudence Lewis slipped, fell on the icy pavement and sprained her wrist, on Tuesday evening of last week.

John S. Hant left for home Tuesday of last week, to eat wedding cake in honor of a cousin's marriage.

The lecture of Prof. Jenkins before the Manhattan Literary Association Thursday evening last, was not attended by the High Class as proposed, owing to the bad condition of the weather.

Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Perysburg, O., has not succeeded Dr. Charles A. Stoddard as Pastor of the Washington Heights Presbyterian Church, as announced a couple of weeks ago. He was simply filling the pulpit for a couple of Sundays.

The mother of Mary Martin broke a leg and arm last week, and Mary was called home.

A two-third length portrait of the late Sheppard F. Knapp, Jr., who was taken with heart disease and fell out of his boat, while fishing near the Institution dock a few months ago, was on exhibition at Dr. Johnson's drug store in the village, the latter part of last week. It is the work of Alfred Emmons, and is well executed.

Frank C. Wall, the pupil who is unable to open his mouth sufficiently wide to partake of food, owing to an injury received by being gored by a bull a few years ago, is at present at Roosevelt Hospital. For some time after being injured, he was fed by means of a tube inserted into an opening cut into his throat. An operation will be performed, whereby it is expected his jaws will assume their natural and desirable state.

Two of our young lads, thirsting for that glory which pedestrians are supposed to gain, tramped to Westchester and return Saturday last. They arrived at the Institution at about eleven o'clock at night. Monday was the day of reckoning, Tuesday the day of soreness.

Our only mute visitor Sunday last, was Julius Lang.

The services of Prof. Hyatt have been secured to give the High Class a course of lectures in Chemistry.

A new young lady pupil has been admitted. Her name is Grace Pen-nuir.

The boys go through a new system of drill every day at recess.

James Stratton's brother Freddie, six years of age, is sick at his home in Passaic, N. J., with scarlet fever.

James H. Caton, the deaf, dumb and blind pupil, possesseth a soul that yearneth for reportorial glory. He kindly furnishes us with the following newsy bit of information, which has

COR.

not been corrected in any manner whatever:

"Last Sunday evening, Mr. J. H. Caton, accompanied by Frank M. Houck, went in the Roosevelt Hospital and found three deaf mute patients. George W. Wormeth now feels very comfortable, and expects to be here in three or four weeks. He now walks on crutches. Frank C. Wall is in comfortable quarters, but he begins to show signs of fear, as the doctors will begin their operations on him to-morrow. They are going to set his lower jaw in its right place, so that he can eat as well as we do. John Jackson, a young man twenty-three years old, who has never been in any deaf mute school, yet he lost his hearing three years ago, was taken to the hospital last January. His leg was injured while he was working on the Western Shore Rail Road between Milton and Highland."

If a deaf, dumb and blind boy, who has nothing to depend upon but the sense of touch, can collect and present in so intelligible a manner, a paragraph containing so much information, deaf-mutes who are possessed of sight ought to be able to send an item relating to deaf-mutes to the JOURNAL occasionally, and help make that very interesting paper still more engaging.

The grandfather of Arthur L. Thomas, a High Class student, died last week. We clip the following, relating thereto, from the New York *World* of the 16th inst:

"At Rochester, N. Y., on St. Valentine's Day, Mr. Anthony S. Thomas, long a resident of Catskill, N. Y., died, aged eighty-eight years. He was a soldier under the Duke of Wellington, and participated in nearly all the heavy battles in the Peninsula campaign, and was in the battle at Waterloo, attached to the famous Seventy-first Regiment. He marched with the allied army into Paris, and stood guard at the King's Gate when Louis XVIII. was crowned. He came to this country in 1816."

CHIP.

From Rev. Job Turner.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I am now staying with my son Loring, because I need rest very much. I should have had service in Petersburg, Va., to-morrow night; but when I stopped in Lynchburg last Thursday night, I felt unwell, with a sick head and a sore throat, which caused me to give up the service and write to the rector to that effect. So I came here and am feeling so much better that I hope, by God's help, to go to work soon. On my arrival here, I got a letter from my good deaf-mute friend, Miss Mollie W. Sykes, of Aberdeen, Miss., in which she said that her father, a doctor, died suddenly on the 6th ult. She wrote me a kind letter. I will send you some extracts from her letter. She writes: "If you have time, I wish you would write me some words of comfort in my great sorrow. I know you can enter into my feelings. For you have grieved at the loss of a good wife. I remember attending her burial, when I was a little girl at school, at the mute institution at Staunton. I was happy then, for I had both father and mother and brother. Now they are all dead." She attended the Virginia and Tennessee Institutions. She has the appearance of a dignified lady, and is well skilled in needle-work.

At the same time, I received another letter. It came from my well-tried friend, Thomas Brown, off West Henniker, N. H., in which he said he would be seventy-nine years old on the 25th inst. I would advise him to celebrate the anniversary of his birthday by writing his autobiography for the JOURNAL. What an awful life he has been leading in so many years. May he be spared longer.

You will remember that I married Mr. Willie F. Johnston and Miss Nora Shearer in Appomattox County, last November. I visited them again last Wednesday, and found them both well and happy. Mr. Johnston told me that he liked a country life much better than a city one. His steady habits and pleasant manners have endeared him to his wife's parents and relatives. He will always live well and happy, if he is careful. Mrs. Johnston made me a present of two nice Spanish canary birds. I have brought and given them to my dear daughter for company, as I cannot hear them sing.

I visited Mr. and Mrs. Hart M. Chamberlayne, also. Mr. C. kindly carried me to Colonel Shearer's on his wagon, four miles along the very muddy roads.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of the 8th inst. has this evening brought me the most cheerful intelligence that the Rev. W. W. Turner is recovering from his illness. I do hope soon to hear of his speedy recovery. May his valuable life be spared longer.

But I must stop writing this letter now. So I must say good-bye.

Yours sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

WANTED!!

The undersigned wishes to procure twelve copies of GALLAUDET & HOOKER'S DICTIONARY, and will pay one dollar and postage for each copy offered.

ISAAC LEWIS REET,

Principal of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb,

STATION M,

NEW YORK CITY.

5-41b.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Doings in College.

LITERARY AND OTHER ITEMS.

(From our Washington correspondent.)

Probably our "oldest inhabitant" has never experienced a more disagreeable week than the one coming to a close. The weather has been of the worst possible kind, and in addition to this, the dwellers in the Green have had their patience sorely tried by what are left of the roads leading to town. In order to enter or leave the college grounds, one is obliged to pass through a sea of mud, and if he can do it without losing his equanimity, then he must have a powerful command over his temper. And yet there is a ludicrous element in the attempt of some to go through with clean boots. We have watched more than one student standing on a narrow plank and endeavoring to make his way through the slush without disturbing the brilliant lustre of his boots. Few can do it, and those that fail, entertain anything but kind feelings for the sewer.

Patience may be a jewel, but it is rather rare around this way. However, there is one consolation in the prospect that within a month, at least, a decent roadway will be open for travel, and thus the trouble come to an end.

Upon re-considering the question of giving an exhibition drill and dramatic entertainment, it was found that the date formerly agreed upon, was too early. It was hardly possible to arrange everything at so short a notice, and so the affair has been postponed for the present. It is very likely that it will come off on the evening of March 16th, just previous to the opening of the review for examinations. This date will offer better prospects for fair weather or better roadways, and, at the same time, afford more time for the preparation of a good programme.

On Friday evening, the students' Literary held its regular literary meeting in the Lyceum, there being a pretty full attendance. The proceedings opened with an interesting essay by Mr. Adams, '86, his topic being "The Smithsonian Institute." In the course of his address, he gave a succinct account of the origin and the progress of the Institute, its object and the work it is accomplishing.

The principal event of the evening was a very exciting debate between Messrs. Veditz, '84, and Hasenstab, '85, for the affirmative, and Messrs. Robinson, '84, and Kerney, '85, for the negative, on the question: "Resolved, That the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena was justifiable." It is rarely that the literary society witnessed a debate carried on with such spirit and fiery flow of argument such as was shown by the debaters on this occasion. They appeared to be brimful of the subject, and dealt it in all its phases. So interesting was the debate that an extra five minutes were allowed the leaders upon the close of the usual time. Upon being put to a vote, the decision was given in favor of the negative side. A laughable dialogue, entitled the "Bandit King," was enacted by Messrs. Reed, '83, and Berg, '85, after which the exercises were closed by a well rendered declamation of "Napoleon's Grave," by Mr. Griffin, '83.

After the close of the regular exercises, Mr. Clement R. Thomson, of New York, who happened to be present, was invited to the platform, and made a few remarks, which were heartily received by the audience.

We frequently read in the JOURNAL and other mute papers of the doings of so-called graduates of the College. If the parties who prepare these items would adhere to the truth, they would only be doing simple justice to the College and its bona fide graduates. There are many persons credited to the College who were never within its walls, while other parties who happened to spend one year in the preparatory department, are represented as full-blown graduates. Hereafter, we shall make it a point to correct all such misrepresentations, as the College is well satisfied with its present *Alumni*, without the addition of self-constituted graduates.

BRIEFS.

Snowing to-day. Plenty of slush to-morrow. The students are at present practicing a new gymnasium march.

Professor Draper's child has fully recovered from her recent illness, and her little face shines as bright as ever.

Mr. Clement Thomson, of New York City, visited the College during the week, greeting old friends and making many new ones.

Term examinations will open on March

Monkeys.

They are funny fellows, as knowing as they are destructive; this I learnt to my cost.

When I opened up the coffee plantation in Natal, I was annoyed by the ravages committed by these comical pests, and had to keep up a constant fight with the monkey communities around me.

Having made an "opening" in the forest, or bush, as we called it, we laid out our fields on the hill-side, parallel to each other, leaving belts of the original bush between us as a protection from the winds. These belts formed convenient highways for the monkeys of the neighborhood, and they speedily used them for that purpose.

Even during the early operation of clearing, burning, digging over the land, and finally planting the young coffee trees in lines equidistant apart, we could see the old graybeards of the numerous families sitting gravely and quietly on the upper branches of the trees, watching our operations, and occasionally informing their younger friends in the background by an "ob-ble-oble-chuck-squeech," how we were getting on with our work.

There was little use of shouting at them or trying to drive them away with stones, as they would disappear for a short time, only to reappear on other trees with a satisfactory "ob-ble-oble" to each other. All this was very amusing to us at first, as we had little thought of the damage they would do us later on.

To take full advantage of the rich virgin soil, it was customary to raise what he called catch-crops between the rows of the coffee. I selected corn, as giving the young coffee the needed shade, and also for supposed profitable and quick return. As the corn began to come up, it was disappointed at finding that it was very irregular, especially at the corners and edges of the fields, and spots farthest from our newly-made roads. I replanted those places where the seed had failed to come up. Again I met with disappointment, as few of the new seeds germinated.

Though discouraged, I again replanted, but I could not understand the repeated failure.

Early one morning, after a two days' continuous rain, I took a stroll into the first field and sat down for a minute on a stump. I could see over a large portion of the field, and the view was not pleasant as far as the regularity of growth of the corn was concerned, yet what was to be done?

I should have mentioned that as I entered the field I heard the usual "ob-ble-oble-chuck-squeech" of the monkeys as they hurried out of the field to the nearest bush. Shortly after I caught sight of a reverend-looking old sinner at the top of a tree; then some distance away another eager little face; further off still another, until I came to the conclusion that the experienced head of each monkey family was on guard watching me.

These old fellows would occasionally "chuck-oble," to each other their view of things in general, and now and again give an "ob-ble-oble-squeech" to the younger members of the family who were incautiously exposing themselves in their anxiety to learn what was going on.

After a time the old graybeards thought from my stillness that I must be either harmless or asleep, and gave the signal "all well." Down from the trees and out of the bush from all directions trooped the little people, and rushed back into the field. A few graybeards kept watch while the other spread themselves out, one or two to each line of corn.

They set to work, deliberately scrapping up the seed, filling their cheek-pouches, chattering and grinning apparently in great glee.

I yelled, threw stones and rushed down the hill after them, until I was hoarse. As I left the field to order some boys on watch, I saw the usual performance going on; the old fellows on the tree-tops grinning and chattering, no doubt talking the matter over, very indignant and angry at my un-called-for interruption to their pleasant picnic.

From this time on I kept watchers in the fields, and tried many ways of preventing the depredations of the monkeys, but until large breadths of bush were cleared, we had constant trouble from them.

After the corn was up a few inches, we of course had no more annoyance until the corn was forming on the cob. Then, indeed, our troubles began. We made all the youngsters on the plantation "monkey-watchers;" used traps, poison etc.; but the monkey families were too numerous for us, and became nearly as knowing as their human watchers.

The height of the corn-stalks impeded both our view and movements, of which the little rascals were aware, as they took full advantage by dodging about in a hide-and-seek fashion that was most aggravating.

The loss was becoming serious. Day by day we saw the young cobs being stripped off and flung aside half eaten. However, with the help of boys beating old time, and a couple of muskets, we did manage to secure half a crop.

Destructive as the monkeys were to our corn, they proved to be even more destructive to our sugar-cane, while they were not above making an occasional desert of the ripe coffee.

The coffee-berry, when ripe, is in color, shape and size something like an overripe, dark cherry; the skin is tough, with an inner coating of a gummy, sweet substance, quite palatable not only to birds and monkeys, but to the younger members of the

human family. Our monkey friends, when they wanted a cheap and handy dessert, would come into the coffee-fields, cram their cheeks full of the ripe berries, and leisurely trot to the nearest bush, hop up to a convenient branch where the sun would give comforting warmth, and there enjoy their feast.

Whether it was that monkeydom had seen our Kaffir field-hands steal and eat the sugar-cane or not, I cannot say, but this I know, that for a long time monkeys did not seem to know what an amount of rich sweet juice there was in a ripe sugar-cane.

I think in an evil hour they must have seen some of our workers breaking a cane and going off slowly to eat it, for suddenly the monkey world awoke to the rich harvest around them, and they were not slow to imitate, and soon excelled their human prototype. The Kaffir field-hands were dark in color, and nearly as cunning and mischievous as the monkeys. To some extent they had similar habits, being without clothes, and in many cases with tails made from plaited skins of, in many cases deceased monkeys.

To see a grave old monkey settle himself down on a low branch, after dragging up a long sugar-cane, was comical. You could almost hear the sigh of lazy happiness as he became comfortably settled in the fork of a branch.

With his teeth he would tear off the flinty skin until he had the first joint peeled, then his sharp teeth would be dug into the juicy cane, and with a sucking-in of the lips to catch the escaping drops, he would give a little grunt of satisfaction, and munch away in a thoughtful manner, keeping his bright eyes on constant duty.

Not having a table-napkin at his side, he uses his hand to wipe his jaws, picks his teeth with his long finger nails, brushes off the spots on his hairy clothes, but never wasting the least speck which may contain sweetness.

Notwithstanding all the comical ingenuities of a monkey character, the art of man is strained to effect their destruction. In Natal, dog, gun, trap, poison, are all employed in the service. One's feelings sometimes revolt against the necessity, they are in so many ways human-like.

I had been out early in the morning. Returning by the edge of a cane field next the bush, I saw a big fellow sitting on a branch of a tree, one of the scouts, apparently of the troop of monkeys I heard in a cane-field. I took a snap-shot, scarcely expecting that I should hit him. But down he came with a screech. Pushing my way through cane and then in the bush, I came up to him. He was sitting at the foot of a tree just as a wounded or tired man would have done.

As I came close, he exhibited no fear nor showed any disposition to rush off, but pressing his hands tightly against his breast, looked up into my face with a sad expression in his deep brown eyes, and seemed full of reproach.

Taking one paw away from his side he would look at it, smell the blood, glance up at me and again press his side. This he repeated. I grew almost sick, feeling as though I had committed murder, his actions were so touching and so human. With a strong effort of will, I put the poor creature out of pain and turned away, thankful to have his pleading eyes shut out from view. From that time I could not summon resolution to shoot a monkey, fearing I might wound and not kill him.—*Youth's Companion*.

Do You Know.

That a little water in butter will prevent it from burning when used for frying?

That a little saltpetre worked into butter that becomes sour or rancid will render it sweet and palatable?

That pennyroyal distributed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away?

That mint will keep rats and mice out of your house?

That lime sprinkled in fireplaces during summer months is healthful?

That Spanish brown, mixed with a little water, will make the hearth look pretty? A pound costs ten cents and will last three months; use a little at a time.

That leaves of parsley eaten with a little vinegar, will prevent a disagreeable consequence of tainted breath by onions?

That flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a bed chamber?

That oil paintings hung over a mantelpiece are liable to wrinkle with heat?

PROTECTING HIS CHARACTER.

Entering the shop of the tailor the other day he said, "Sir, I owe you \$60. 'Yes, you do.' 'And I have owed it for a year.' 'You have.' 'And this is the fifth postal card you have sent me regarding the debt.' 'I think it is the fifth.' 'Now, sir, while I cannot pay the debt for perhaps another year, I propose to protect my character as far as possible. Here are twelve two-cent stamps. You can use them in sending me twelve monthly statements of my account, and thus save your postal cards and my feelings at the same time.' It is said that the tailor has credited the twenty-four cents on account, and feels that he has secured more of the debt than he had any reason to hope for.—*Ez*.

What Girls Ought to Learn.

Nothing is more painful, to one who knows what mothers may do for their children, or wives for their husbands, than to see the idleness of young women who are not compelled to work for a living, and to find how empty-headed they are. This may seem a small matter in itself, but the moment a woman is married she has to learn how to be interested in her home to her husband, and as soon as she is a mother, the training of her children is the foremost duty of the hour. In these two spheres of life, which are essentially the goal of women's existence, everything depends upon what the wife and mother brings to her several positions, everything for her own, her husband's and her children's happiness. Women are perpetually losing their husbands because they rely upon evanescent personal charms to uphold affection, but the surest way to provide against the decay of the early enthusiasm of married life is to cultivate those mental and moral qualities which make women always charming and attractive.

Nothing is sure to do this, aside from personal manners, than the improvement of one's mind, the growth of literary taste, the interest in what imparts new and wholesome attractions into one's home. It may be the microscope, or French or German translation, or botany, or English literature, or history of music, but, whatever it is, the stimulus of knowing one thing thoroughly is worth immensely more than the knowledge of itself, because it gives one the power to know more and to enjoy more. These studies, even in themselves, are refining, but pursued in the genial atmosphere of home, they are more than simply refining; they are agencies by which the spirit of the home is chastened, made moral, even made religious. Religion in one's home is best when it is least insisted upon, when its life is the unconscious poetry of the household, when it seems to be the natural culmination of the amenities of life; and religion and culture go together in the well-ordered life of every woman. But it is when the wife becomes a mother, when the religion and culture find a congenial sphere for development within the sanctities of home, when among children and among friends and neighbors the tone is always uplifting and inspiring, and literary culture and the general development of a woman's mind and heart seem to make life sweetest and best. Fortunate is the boy or girl who has such a home. It is from such quarters, be they the log cabin or the house with brown-stone front, that men and women go forth with the idea that conquers the world. Every leading person has had a start somewhere, and usually it is traced to one of these mothers whose native or acquired culture has been imparted to their bright children. Here is the true importance of literature at home. It pays for itself hundreds of times over in its influence upon parents, and in the early direction it gives to their children.—*Boston Herald*.

STEPHEN ALLEN'S POCKET-BOOK

In the pocket-book of Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drowned on board the steamer Henry Clay, was found a printed slip apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy. It is worthy to be put in every newspaper and engraved on every young man's heart:

Make few promises. Always speak the truth. Never speak evil of any one. Keep good company, or none. Live up to your engagements. Never play at any game of chance. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Good character is above all things else. Keep your secrets, if you have any. Never borrow if you can possibly help it.

Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Live (misfortune excepted) within your income. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Avoid temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Small and steady gains give competency with a tranquil mind. Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Never be idle; if your hands can't be employed usefully, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

An Ancient Coin.

The first coinage within the territory of the United States was authorized by the general court of the colony of the Massachusetts Bay, in 1651. The following year, 1652, silver coins of the denominations of 3 pence, 6 pence and 12 pence, one shilling, were struck. Franklin Bigelow, of Fall River, has one of these coins of the denomination of 6 pence. If this piece of money had been put at compound interest, 6 per cent, at the time it was coined, it would have amounted to-day to over \$100,000.

Pen-and-Ink Portrait of Gambetta.

One of the most graphic descriptions of Gambetta's appearance ever published was written by Mr. George Makepeace Towle some two years ago. "Imagine a figure of medium height," he wrote, "but ungainly, awkward, heavy, somewhat obese and loose jointed; the limbs short, large and far from firmly knit; the head joined to rounded shoulders by a short, thick neck, suggestive of a tendency to apoplexy; the shoulders not only rounded, but high and heavy; the head, larger below than above, broad near the neck and at the jaws, narrow and rather flat at the top; wanting in veneration, as the phrenologists would tell us, but great in passion, in combativeness and in language; a fine, well-set forehead, however, wide just above the eyes, and slightly sloping to the hair; a still finer intellectual brow, the best feature but one of the countenance—that one being an exceedingly well-cut, expressive, handsome, full-lipped mouth, but half concealed beneath moustache and beard; one eye apparently permanently closed, the other small, black, at times piercing and wide open, but usually half-closed like the eye of a near-sighted man, who brings his lids together the better to discern some object, or by a shrewd person, who would let you know by the impression of his eye that he knows more than he tells; a large, thick, unsensitive nose, bold and Jewish, with small nostrils; the attractive mouth, shaded by a heavy, jet-black moustache, which joins on either side a beard also mostly jet black, a slight tinge of gray; the hair fine, straight, once black, but nearly gray now, just where it is smoothly brushed back from the temples over the large ears, and falling in a curve behind over the neck; the complexion of an unhealthy, bilious hue of pale yellow; the face indolent in general expression, giving scarcely the slightest hint of unusual ability of any sort, and the movement slouchy and careless, nonchalant and often heavy, as if the man was weary of carrying his superabundance of flesh."

The way to Accumulate.

Culture is appropriate in more respects than mere culture of farm crops. Faithful, patient farmers, know that the field by practical and scientific skill can be made to yield fourfold what it will by careless cultivation. The brain, too, by culture, can be made to increase in intelligence and activity at least one hundred fold. Money is accumulated by working for it, and so is knowledge. A profitable crop of thoughts can no more be obtained without work than can a crop of corn or wheat. The knowledge gained by a diligent use of the old hours which can be spared from work will soon make a wise and useful man. True, useful knowledge is not obtained like a farm, bought all in a lump, but it is done by adding idea to idea—one bit of knowledge to-day and another to-morrow, day after day and year after year, until the sum total builds up a monument of practical wisdom which friends are kind enough to attribute altogether to a natural endowment; whereas it was only a faithful application of this time to storing his mind with such knowledge as was useful. And this is the way most great men have become eminent for learning and wisdom. Knowledge is gained like the miser gains his money—industrious in gaining, and persistent in hoarding. But different from money, a man may use his knowledge and hoard it at the same time. Hoarded knowledge can be kept bright by use, and increase in volume and usefulness.

Any man, no matter what position in life, has time to so cultivate his mind as to command the homage and respect of mankind. If a young man determines to do it and bends all his energies to that purpose, he can adorn any profession. There is more intellect needed on the farm. Those who cultivate the soil must, at the same time, improve the mind. Farmers have entered a new and higher era, and he who wins in the future must be able to combat error, prejudice and ignorance, and overthrow them as giants stride over pygmies. Knowledge and power are gained by working for them, the same as money by intelligent industry.—*Iowa State Register*.

The Value of a System.

More than fifty years ago there lived in London a Mr. Field, a widower with seven interesting children, and holding a position in the Bank of England something analogous to that of teller so called in this country. Making up his occasion one day he found himself £9,000 short, about \$45,000.

One who has occasion to visit the Bank of England to exchange a large note for smaller ones, goes to a desk and writes his name on the back of the note. He then takes it to a wicket, or opening and presents it for examination. A large card is taken down, and if correct, a mark is drawn across the note. Then to another wicket where a like examination is made. Then to another place in a continual line, a small portion is torn off and cast into a basket, and on a slip of paper an order is given at the next place, and you receive your new notes or gold.

Mr. Field could only imagine that in giving notes in exchange he might have given ten one thousand pound

notes, for one hundred, which would leave him minus £9,000.

He rushed to the basket of refuse notes and found one of £1,000. On the back was the name of Mr. Brown, and the address, Turk's Head Inn.

Mr. Brown was a traveler, then, and might already be gone from that house.

He reached the inn, with what speed may be imagined, and found a coach there filled with passengers, and just about to leave the yard.

Breathless with anxiety, he approached the window of the coach and enquired if any gentleman by the name of Brown was within.

"My name is Brown," said a pleasant-faced individual; "why do you ask?"

"Did you change a thousand pound note at the Bank of England to-day?"

"I did."

"Have you the notes given in exchange?"

"I have, just as you gave them to me."

Coachman was patient and also were the passengers; but some way the baggage of Mr. Brown was allowed to be taken down, and the package containing the notes displayed. There were ten notes £1,000, much to the astonishment of Mr. Brown himself.

How To Treat A Boy.

Get hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them, and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand, will bring it pausing still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the steamer is guided hither and yonder upon the sea, in spite of wind and current. That sensitive and responsive spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp gently and firmly on at the helm, you may pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and wilful boys often have the tenderest heart hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, get hold of that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good by little indirect kindness to his mother or sister, even his pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasures, set him at some little service of trust for you; love him, practically. Any way and every way rule him through his heart.—*Censer*.

The Phenomena of Death.

A Philadelphia physician has made a special study of the phenomena of death, both through his personal observations and those of others, and his conclusion is that the dissolution is painless. "I mean," he explains, "that it approaches as unconsciously as sleep. The soul leaves the world as painlessly as it enters it. Whether ever be the cause of death, whether by lingering malady or sudden violence, dissolution comes either through syncope or apoplexy. In the latter case, when resulting from disease, the struggle is long protracted, and accompanied by all the visible marks of agony which the imagination associates with the closing scene of life. Death does not strike all the organs of the body at the same time, and the lungs are the last to give up the performance of their functions. As death approaches, the latter gradually becomes more and more oppressed; hence the rattle. Nor is the contact sufficiently perfect to change the black venous into the red arterial blood; an unprepared fluid consequently issues from the lungs into the heart, and is thence transmitted to every other organ of the body. The brain receives it, and its energies appear to be lulled thereby into sleep—generally tranquil sleep—filled with dreams which impel the dying to murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of past life.

Stop and Weigh.

One morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M." said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply, "You lie, you young villain!" said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found I put in the walnuts gratis."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if you ain't a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved, if people would stop to weigh things before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

St. Louis,	Feb. 4th.
Cleveland, (Ash Wednesday)	7th.
Detroit, (1st Sunday in Lent)	11th.
Flint,	12th.
Cleveland,	15th.
Chicago, (2d Sunday in Lent)	18th.
Milwaukee,	19th.
Cleveland,	22d.
Dayton,	23d.
Cincinnati, (3d Sun. in Lent)	25th.
Cleveland,	March 1st.
Pittsburg, (4th Sun. in Lent)	4th.
Miles Grove, Pa., 2:30 P.M.,	March 7th.
Cleveland,	8th.
Des Moines, 3 and 7:30 P.M.,	March 10th.
Des Moines, 3 P.M., (Confirmation),	March 11th.
Clinton, Iowa, 7:30 P.M.,	March 12th.
Michigan City, 7:30 P.M.,	March 13th.
Albion, 2 P.M., Jackson, 7:30 P.M.,	March 14th.
Grand Rapids, 7:30 P.M.,	March 15th.
East Saginaw, 7:30 P.M.,	March 16th.
Detroit, (lecture), 10:30 A.M., Confirmation, 7:30, Dayton, 3 P.M.; Confirmation, 7:30,	March 17th.
Cleveland, Easter	March 22d.
St. Louis,	April 1st.

Other appointments may be made between Detroit and Dayton, of which due notice will be given.

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" " " Children under 12,	15
" " " Banquet,	75

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